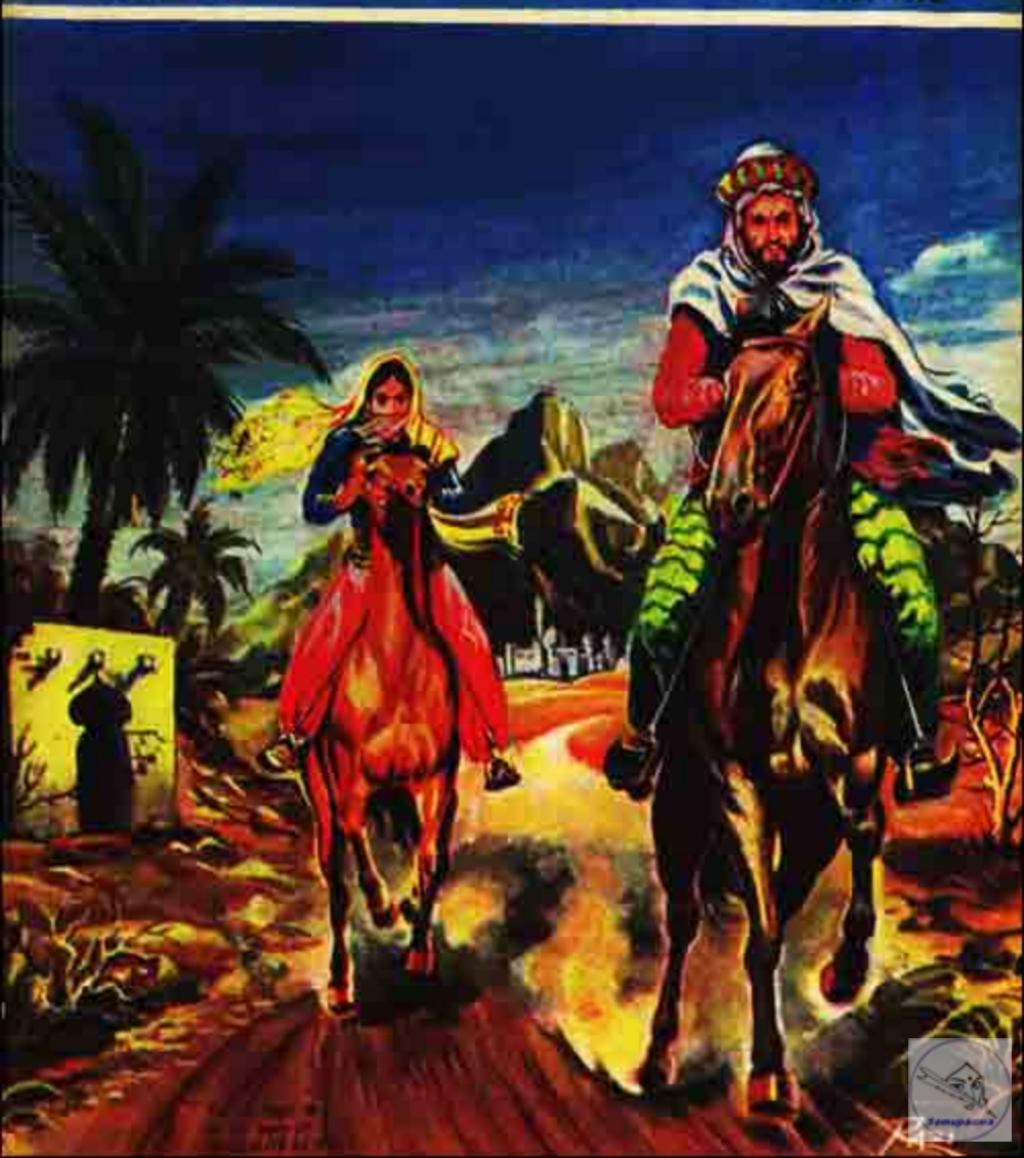


CHANDAMAMA

JULY 1980

No. 175



Jeevan and Hanu meet the human-est creatures

THE THINGS DOLPHINS DO!

Men have long been fascinated by dolphins. In return, these friendly, mischievous creatures often seek the company of men. Many scientists believe that dolphins may be among the most intelligent creatures on earth - as intelligent as man, if not more so. Ancient Greeks believed that they were actually humans who exchanged land for sea, assuming the form of fishes.



Dolphins produce a wide variety of sounds by shifting air through passages in their noses. A 'lens' of fat surrounds the forehead to concentrate these sounds. By studying echoes, dolphins can even small marble objects into the far end of a pool.



Every bit of trash they catch from the water is delicious - when one 2-year-old named Dr. Spock began claiming too many rewards, he finally realized that Dr. Spock had hidden a stack of waste paper in a corner of the pool, and was exchanging it for fish, bit by bit. The dolphin was training the trainer!

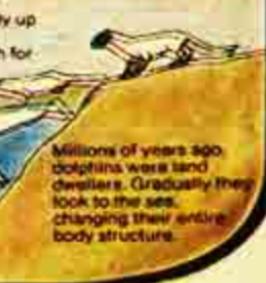


What do dolphins eat? When men are near, dolphins stick their noses out of the water and make sounds. They're probably trying to communicate with men. Scientists are studying their language so that they can reply.

Dolphins can be trained to perform amazing tricks. Such as complicated leaps and jumps, spins, dives, splashes - often in time to music. Or putting a dog on a surfboard. Or even playing basketball.



One dolphin-trainer trained his pets to tidy up their pool. He would reward them with fish for



Millions of years ago, dolphins were land dwellers. Gradually they took to the seas, changing their entire body structure.

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Because the care that
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*I wish I had a boat
To sail across the sea
I'd bring it back with Gems
Some for you and some for me!*



Got a moment? Get a Gem!

Cadbury's
Chocolates



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'82

CAMEL COLOUR CONTEST

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Hurry! Last date for entries is
September 30, 1982.



Camel

colours a child's imagination





CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 13

July 1982

No. 1

Founder: CHAKRAPANI Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI

INTO A NEW ERA

Your magazine has just completed twelve years. With this issue it steps into the 13th year.

Twelve years is said to be making a *Yuga*—an Era, or an Age. The English *Chandamama*, while crossing the first Era of its life, gratefully remembers the warm welcome it had received from the first generation of its readers.

They have grown up. But they have not given up their *Chandamama* as is evident from the affectionate comments the magazine receives from them. The *Chandamama* too has grown up. It is a magazine for the young—but it is also a magazine for those who wish to remain young in spirit forever.

At the outset of the second Era of its life, the *Chandamama* resolves to be even more dynamic.

IN THIS ISSUE

ELEVEN COMPLETE STORIES

AND The Invincible Raghu, Story of Rani Padmavati of Chitor through pictures, Devi Bhagavatam, Id Festival, Newsflash, Chandamama Dictionary and more.

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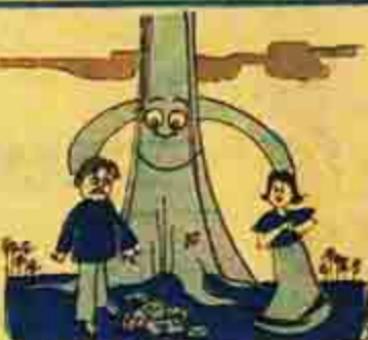


NEWS FLASH

Good Tidings for Animal-Lovers

The Indian tiger population in the "Project Tiger" reserves has risen from 711 in 1979-80 to 785 in 1980-81.

A new elephant sanctuary is being set up near the Kaziranga National Park, Assam, and a rhino park is coming up in the Dudhwa National Park, U.P.



"Bridegroom's Oak"

"Bridegroom's Oak, Dodau Forest, D-2420 Eutin" is an address in North Germany which receives a number of letters every day. The addressee is a very old oak tree. The postman climbs a ladder made of branches of the oak and drops the letters into a hollow. The letters are written by young men and women requesting the tree to find suitable marriage partners for them.

This began in the last century. The forester's daughter wrote letters to a young man whom she wished to marry and hid them in the hollow. Instead of the young man, the letters fell into his father's hand. But the kind man arranged for their marriage which was celebrated in 1892, under the oak tree itself.



The Talking Watch

The world's first talking watch has been invented by a Munich firm. At the time set for the alarm, the watch announces the time and then begins playing a tune. If that is not enough, it shouts "Hurry up!"



New Records

Bernardino, a 45-year-old Spanish singer, began singing at midnight for his concert in Gandia—and continued singing till the following afternoon. He sang 500 songs in succession.

David Santamaria, a radio announcer in Santo Domingo, broadcast non-stop for 338 hours—that is for more than 14 days and nights, breaking the previous record of 14 days held by Bill Tinsley of U.S.A.



Concern for the bridge

An elephant was stepping into a bridge from one side when a frog was entering it from the other side.

"Wait, please, wait," shouted the frog. The elephant could not hear him and began crossing the bridge.

The bridge shook at the elephant's weight. When both the elephant and the frog were crossing each other at the middle of the bridge, the frog said, "This is why I wanted you to wait till I had crossed to the other side. Both of us should not be on the bridge at the same time. It might collapse!"



THE INVINCIBLE RAGHU

4

DRAWN BY DIBY DATTA

STORY SO FAR:

RAGHU, AN INNOCENT VILLAGE BOY, GETS THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE WHEN THE ZAMINDAR'S HUNCHMAN BEATS UP AND KILLS HIS GUARDIAN WITH LATHI. THE YOUNG RAGHU PERSUADES BHAIK, A GREAT LATHI-PLAYER, TO TEACH HIM THE ART. AFTER HE MASTERS THE ART, HE IS OUT TO MOBILISE SUPPORT FOR RISING AGAINST THE TYRANT.

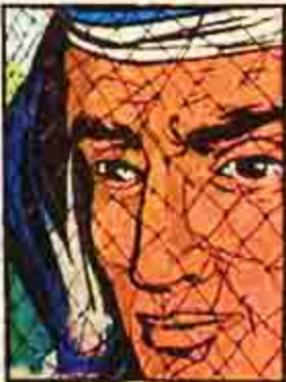


WALKING ALONG ON STILTS, RAGHU FEELS THAT SOMETHING WAS AMISS. IS SOME ONE SECRETLY FOLLOWING HIM?



HE SEES NOTHING BUT A FEW BIRDS. YET RAGHU HAS DOUBTS. PROPPING HIMSELF ON A STILT-LEG HE CLIMBS A TREE. HE IS IMMEDIATELY TRAPPED!





A MAN APPEARS FROM BEHIND A TREE



RAGHU DOESN'T WASTE A SECOND AND LEAPS ON TO HIM



WHO ARE
YOU? WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

MA MANUA
WHO ARE YOU?



THINKING RAGHU TO BE THE ZAMINDAR'S MAN, THEY WERE TRYING TO CATCH HIM. THEY ARE FOUR, LIVING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FOREST.



THEY ARE HUNTERS. THEY USED TO WORK FOR THE PREVIOUS ZAMINDAR, BUT THE PRESENT ONE IS VERY CRUEL. THEY HAVE JUST ENOUGH LAND TO FEED THEIR FAMILIES, BUT THE ZAMINDAR SENDS GANGS OF GOONDAS TO TAKE AWAY THE LION'S SHARE OF THE YIELD. THEIR HUTS WERE BURNED WHEN THEY PROTESTED. THEY ARE OUT TO TAKE REVENGE.



RAGHU IS SURPRISED AT
THEIR STAMINA
FOR A
LONG TIME THEY HAVE
BEEN KEEPING PACE



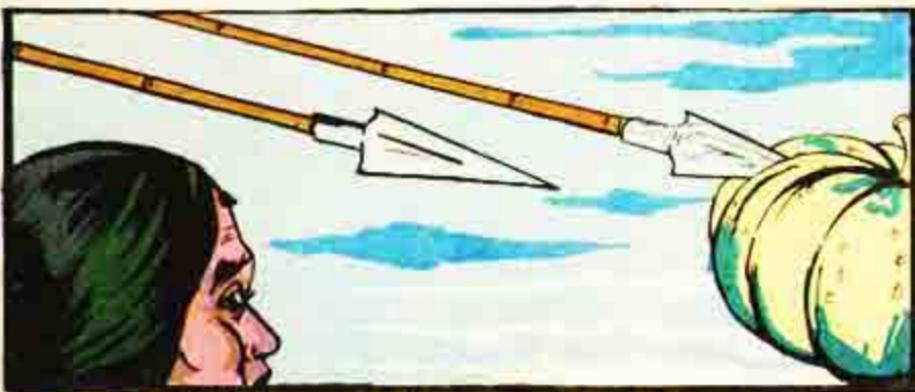
WITH HIS STILTS YET
RAGHU NEVER SUS-
PECTED A THING!

RAGHU LISTENS TO THEIR STORY AND THEY SHAKE HANDS. THEY BECOME RAGHU'S FIRST COMPANIONS. THEY CROSS THE FOREST AND COME TO A VILLAGE. RAGHU'S FRIENDS SUGGEST VISITING THE FAIR.



AT ONE SIDE THEY SPOT A MAN AIMING TWO SPEARS AT A PUMPKIN ON A GIRL'S HEAD





WHAT A MARKSMANSHIP!



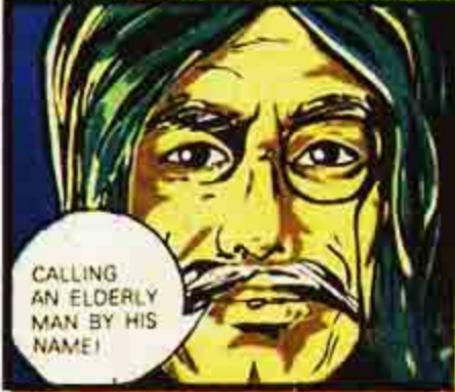
NOW RAGHU'S FIFTH COMPANION IS JAGA. HE USED TO WORK WITH THE ZAMINDAR BUT COULDN'T GET ALONG WITH THE DEVIL FOR LONG.





DID YOU HEAR
THAT MEDHO!
OPEN THE CURTAIN

THE GIRL DISAPPEARS BEHIND A CURTAIN.
FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN APPEARS A GENTLEMAN...



CALLING
AN ELDERLY
MAN BY HIS
NAME!



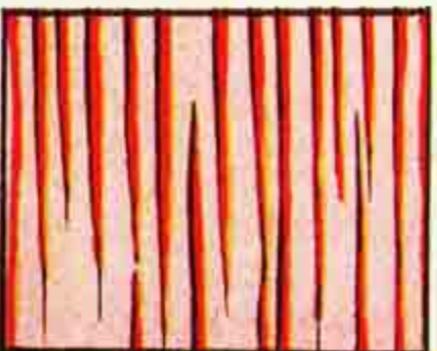
AND DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE CURTAIN.
AND HE TOO VANISHES.

THEN COMES AN OLD PUNDIT.



WHAT ABOUT
GOING TO
SCHOOL?





NOW APPEARS A LONG-NOSED GRANDMOTHER. AND FINALLY ANOTHER STRANGER. RAGHU IS MOST BEWILDERED.



MADHAV IS AN OLD FRIEND OF JAGA'S. HE TOO JOINS RAGHU. AT ANOTHER CORNER THEY SEE A CROWD.



In the Next issue RAGHU GATHERS HIS LIEUTENANTS



**CHANDAMAMA
DICTIONARY OF
SELECT WORDS
AND PHRASES**

B (N): This second letter of English alphabet is often used to mean second class or rank. In Romari notation B stands for 300; with a line above, it means 3000.

BABBLE (V): To speak like a baby, to make a continuous sound like a brook.



BABEL (N): Noise caused by many people talking at the same time. A perfect *Babel* means a thorough confusion. Legend says that once the Babylonians were building a tower to reach the sky. Suddenly they began speaking different languages. Nobody understood anybody. They dispersed in disgust.



A BEAUTY IN THE OASIS

In Persia there was a small kingdom, Tabaristan. The king had two wazirs.

The senior wazir had a daughter who was extremely beautiful. The king saw her and decided to marry her. "My good wazir!" he said. "You will be pleased to know that I am willing to marry your daughter. Fix up the date — earlier the better — and let me know."

"My lord, my daughter is educated and intelligent. She is also an ardent devotee of God. I

must talk to her before taking a decision about her marriage," answered the wazir.

"Go and talk to her by all means! What doubt is there that she will feel flattered at my proposal?" said the proud king.

But far from feeling flattered, the young lady said, "Father, I do not wish to marry a man who is likely to treat me as a slave as he does other women in his palace. I shall marry one who is humble."

When the wazir told the king





that the girl was not willing to marry him, he grew furious. "I'll marry her by force. Who can stop me?" he shouted.

At night the wazir and his daughter fled the town. They rode two horses and galloped as fast as they could which was not quite fast because they were not accustomed to riding.

Spies woke up the king and reported to him of the escape of the wazir and his daughter. The furious king, accompanied by his bodyguards, at once set out for a chase.

They caught up with the unfortunate wazir and his daughter in an hour's time. The king was

holding a mace. He struck the wazir's head with it. The wazir fell off his horse, dead. His daughter was dragged back to the palace.

"You had the audacity to refuse my proposal. What will you do now?" the king demanded of the wazir's daughter, haughtily.

"I have resigned my fate to God," replied the captive young lady.

Soon the king heard of a rebellion in a part of his kingdom and rushed there to quell it. He entrusted the junior wazir with the task of guarding the young lady.

The junior wazir was very much curious about the captive lady. He peeped through the window and saw her. He was struck with astonishment, for he had never known such beauty.

He sent a maid who was in his confidence to the lady. "My master, the wazir, has grown quite fond of you. He would like to take you to his garden after the moon rises. Both of you can enjoy a pleasant evening, eating, drinking, and making merry. The king will know nothing of it!" the maid told the wazir's daughter.

"Please have considera



for my state of mind. My father was killed before my eyes and I was brought here by force. How can I make merry? Ask the wazir not to propose this again," said the lady.

The wazir felt annoyed, insulted, and also afraid that the lady might complain about him to the king. When the king returned and asked him if everything was all right with the lady, the wazir said, "To be frank, she cannot make a faithful wife to you. She sent her servant to me and proposed that I escape with her to another country where we both can live happily. I turned down the proposal and

gave her a chiding."

"Is that so?" blurted out the king, shaking with wrath. He put to death the innocent servant who was supposed to have brought the lady's proposal to the wazir. Now the question was, in what way to kill the faithless lady — by beheading her or burying her alive.

"My lord, do not be so rash. Leave her in the desert. Let her die or live — as God wills," an old servant dared to say.

"Let it be so," said the king. Accordingly she was carried into the heart of wilderness and left there alone.

She stood amidst rocks and





prayed to God, looking at the sky. A camel-driver happened to see her. At first not sure whether he saw a human being or a nymph, he slowly approached her. Her tears convinced him that she was human.

"Should you agree to come to my cottage, I will take charge of you," he suggested.

"Thank you, good man, but I should feel happy to be left alone with my God. If you desire to help me, lead me to a place where I can get water to drink," said the lady.

The camel-driver led her to an oasis and went away. But he was in the employment of the

young king of another country — a far greater king. He could not help reporting about the lady to the young king.

The young king felt curious and came to the oasis. He was amazed at her sight. He approached her gently, introduced himself, and requested her to accept his hospitality. She declined the offer and said that she will like to live in that desolate oasis.

The young king returned to his palace, but could not sleep a wink. Alone he went to the oasis and sat under a palm tree. In the morning the young lady saw him and asked, "How are you here?"

"I too have decided to pass my time here, for I find your neighbourhood much more desirable than my palace," replied the young king.

The young lady said nothing for a long time. Then she spoke, "The affairs of your kingdom will suffer if you are away from your court. You are a noble youth. Should you not attend to your royal duties?"

"I cannot, unless you agree to marry me," said the young king.

The lady thought for a moment and then said, "My heart is still bleeding thinking of

father who died for my sake. He had served faithfully all his life the very man who turned a tyrant and killed him mercilessly. The passion for revenge does not allow me any peace to think of marriage."

She then narrated her full story to him. The young king sent his large army to Tabaristan. His general brought the tyrant king and his wazir, their hands bound, to the young king. Also, at the lady's instruction, was brought the old servant who had suggested that she be exiled and not killed.

In the open court the lady commanded the wazir to speak

out the truth. Shaking like a blade of grass, the wazir confessed to his lie. He was driven into the desert and left to his fate. A caravan saw him lying dead on the sands.

So far as the tyrant king was concerned, the young king ordered him to be killed exactly in the fashion he had killed her father. He was struck dead by a mace.

The old servant was given the high position of the chief of a district, apart from gifts of wealth and titles.

Only then did the young lady smile. Her smile indicated that she was now willing to marry.





MYSTERY OF THE KING'S MOOD

Once upon a time there was a woodcutter. He lived in a village that was near a small town. In the town was situated the king's palace.

The woodcutter went to the forest every day. He brought wood and sold them to the households in the town. That is how he earned his livelihood. He was honest. His customers liked him.

The woodcutter had to pass through the town in order to reach the forest. He passed by the palace in the morning. That was the time when the king enjoyed a stroll on the terrace of his palace.

The king saw the woodcutter daily. The woodcutter also passed hurried glances at the terrace. If his eyes met the king's, he bowed down to him.

The king was known to be

kind, just and generous. He was quite sympathetic towards the woodcutter as he was towards anybody else.

But one day he had a feeling that the woodcutter's sight displeased him. He dismissed his feeling as meaningless. But it came back. There was no doubt about the fact that the moment his eyes fell on the woodcutter he felt uneasy and even annoyed.

In a few weeks the feeling grew into anger.

He was surprised with his own feeling. He asked himself: The poor woodcutter earns his living the hard way. He has never harmed me. Why do I feel annoyed with him? Is it not my madness?

He took his own mind to task. But that was no solution to the problem. He thought of asking

the woodcutter to take to another route to the forest. But that will be a misuse of power—he warned himself.

One day he put the problem frankly before his minister. The wise minister was surprised. Why should the king have such a strange feeling towards an ordinary man?

The minister himself stood on the palace and observed the woodcutter. There was nothing abominable in the man's gait or figure. He employed spies to find out about the man. They reported that there was nothing to complain about him.

One evening the minister walked into the village. He located the woodcutter's house and entered it. The old man was drunk. However, he did not neglect to greet the minister.

The minister saw nothing unusual in the house. In a nook lay a pile of logs. He was leaving the house when his eyes went over to the pile once again. Why has the man preserved those logs instead of selling them?

"Old man, could you not sell your logs today?" he asked.

The drunken woodcutter who was in high spirit because of the minister's visit to his house, said, "If I did not sell anything,



how did I get the money for my drink? These logs are reserved for a different reason. Not for sale now!"

"Why?" asked the curious minister. He went closer to the pile and found them to be sandalwood. "Old man, why have you collected those sandalwood logs?" he questioned the woodcutter.

"I won't disclose my plan. The king will one day die. Suddenly you will need sandalwood for making his funeral pyre. I will then sell these at a high price! But I don't mean to disclose this to anybody!" mumbled out the drunken old man.





The minister was taken aback. Soon he realised the mystery of the king's feeling. Because the man thought of the king's death and also wished it, the king got an uneasy feeling at his sight.

The woodcutter was coming out of his drowsy condition. Suddenly he fell flat at the minister's feet and wept and

said, "Cursed be my plan! Please pardon me. It is my greed that made me think that way!"

The minister reported his finding to the king. The king laughed. He called the woodcutter and gave him enough money so that the man won't have to look forward to the king's death for a windfall.



We observed our new neighbour, the old — old lady, reciting some hymns and blowing into the sky every evening.

"What does this mean, granny?" we asked her.

"It prevents comets from striking our town."

"But we have never heard of a comet striking our town?"

"How can you? You were born only the other day. I have been doing this for last seventy years!"





THE SILENT SAVANT

Jaiverma, the king of Chandragiri, was a great lover of poetry and scholarship.

Poetry could be written on many things — God, man, the flowers, the sky, the sea, and so on and so forth. The king was pleased to hear the poets recite their verses on such themes, but what pleased him most was verses written in praise of himself!

One man who understood the king's weakness well was the poet, Rudra. In him the quality of cleverness was stronger than his talent at writing poetry. He kept the king pleased. Though vishal, another court poet, was much superior to Rudra, it was Rudra who enjoyed the position of the chief court poet.

From time to time Rudra would make one of the relatives or friends remember a verse or

two written by him. They were all verses in the king's praise. He would then lead the fellow to the court and introduce him as a gifted poet to the king. The fellow would recite the verse he had learnt by rote. The king would feel flattered and give him a reward.

Needless to say, Rudra took the lion's share of the reward.

Rudra's wife often told him, "You make so many people receive rewards from the king. Can't you once lead my brother to the king?"

Rudra was not unwilling to do that. But the problem was, his brother-in-law, Gope, was a dunderhead. The chap could not remember even two lines of poetry, though once he opened his mouth, indecent and ugly words flowed at great speed.

However, Rudra decided

oblige his wife somehow or the other. He took great pains to teach Gope how to stand properly, how to greet the king in a dignified way, and how to smile in a measured style. He also taught him certain signs he was to make. He was not to open his mouth at the king's court.

When Rudra was satisfied that Gope's training had been complete, he led him to the court.

"My lord, here is a great scholar, a master of the scriptures. He is under a sacred vow of silence, but whatever question you may be pleased to put to him, he would readily answer

it with signs.

"That is interesting! We had never met a silent savant. Please put some serious questions to him on my behalf," the king told Rudra.

"As you please, my lord," said Rudra. He then turned to Gope and asked, "Revered Sir, what sustains us and our earth?"

Gope looked upward and, with both his hands, made a gesture to suggest a round object.

"My lord," said Rudra, "he is not only philosophical, but also practical. His answer is the sun. The answer is true if we view the sun as a manifestation of God."



It is also practically true because we cannot live without the sun."

"Excellent is the savant's answer, and excellent is your explanation," commented the king.

Both Gope and Rudra slightly bowed in acknowledgement of the king's compliments. Rudra then put his second question to Gope, "Which of our limbs is the most important one?"

Gope pointed to his nose.

"My lord," explained Rudra, "it is usually said that eyes are the most important of limbs for us. But here is a different point of view. One can live without one's eyes, but can one live

without breathing?"

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the king.

"O silent savant, of the king and the poet, who is greater?" Rudra asked Gope again.

Gope first looked at the king and then looked at Rudra and then raised his hands upward. Then he pointed at the king with his right hand and pointed to Rudra with his left hand.

"The savant's first gesture meant that both the king and the poet occupy lofty positions, but between the two, the king comes first!" explained Rudra.

The king jumped from his throne and took out his bejewel-





led necklace and put it round Gope's neck. "You will be the chief scholar in the court, speech or no speech!"

Suddenly Vishal, the neglected poet, stood up. "My lord," he said, "allow me to ask the stranger only one question." He then looked at Gope and asked "What is the disease that made you so miserably dumb?"

"Shut up!" blurted out Gope, "Who are you to call me dumb, you fool, you villain, you monkey, you devil?"

"Did you hear, my lord? If the silent savant ever spoke, this

will be his language. I had to intervene because you are going to appoint him as our chief scholar. It is a matter of dignity of the court. I hope, you will revise your decision," said Vishal.

The king was stunned. After his bewilderment was over, he made an investigation and found out who the fellow really was.

Rudra and Gope were ordered to leave the kingdom. Vishal became the chief poet in the court.



"Father, Mr. Brito, the loafer, has come."

"What d'you mean by loafer?"

"Why, father, Mr. Brito makes loaf, doesn't he?"

NO FORMALITY

Long long ago, on the bank of a certain river, there was a forest. A fox named Mayavi lived in that forest.

One day he found his wife looking a bit pensive. "What is the matter with you? Do you lack anything?" asked Mayavi. "Speak out your desire and I will fulfil it."

"No doubt I have a certain desire. But you cannot fulfil it. To eat a fresh fish is my desire. It will be unjust of me to ask you

to get a fish, for you are after all a creature of the land!" said the vixen.

Mayavi, the fox, went out and ambled along the river-bank. He knew that to catch a fish was impossible for him. The only hope was in locating some fishermen catching fish. Even then it would be difficult and risky to steal from them.

Suddenly he saw two otters dragging a big fish out of the river. He waited behind a bush



and observed them. The otters had struggled a lot with the current in the river and the stout fish. They were gasping for breath.

"You divide it," said one otter to the other.

"Why should I? Why don't you do it?" said the other.

"You might find fault with me if I do it," said the first one.

"You are lazy," said the second one.

Each kept arguing about the justification of the other dividing the fish. A long time passed.

Mayavi slowly came out of the bush and walked past as if he had not taken notice of the

otters and their fish. When he was quite near them, he mumbled as if to himself, "A nice fish. The otters should be able to enjoy its meat provided they knew the art of dividing it properly."

"Hello sir," called out both the otters, "Will you please divide the fish for us?"

Mayavi stopped. "I'm in a great hurry, but that doesn't mean that I should not oblige friends. Come on, let me see the fish." Mayavi had a good look at the fish.

"Do you see that the fish has only one head and only one tail?" asked Mayavi.



"Yes, that we can see, sir," said the otters, quite impressed by the fox's keen observation.

"This means, if one of you will have the head, the other one must go satisfied with the tail. Both of you cannot have both. Right?"

"Right, sir."

"Good. Now here is the head," said Mayavi separating the head of the fish with a bite. "Now, here is the tail," he said again, separating the tail of the fish in the same manner. "You have now got the head and the tail. Right?" he asked.

"Right, sir."

"Good. As I told you, I am in

a great hurry. I cannot wait for you to thank me. No formality among us. Well?" said Mayavi, and holding in his mouth the whole fish except the small bits of its head and tail, ran away.

The otters looked on vacantly. Then, with sighs, they said, "How foolish it was of us to ask a third fellow to do what we could have easily done ourselves!"

Back at home, the fox laid down the fish before his wife. "But how could you catch the fish so soon?" asked the vixen.

The fox only smiled.

— *From the Buddha Jatakas*



ID-UL-FITR

On the 23rd of July this year will be celebrated the Id-Ul-Fitr, the day with which the holy month of Ramzan ends.

It was during the Ramzan that Prophet Muhammed learnt the holy Quran, through a revelation. Hence Muslims observe the period piously. They refrain from taking food or drinking water during the day, from sunrise to sunset, all through the month.

On the Id day special congregations are held in mosques and prayers are offered. The day becomes festive with exchange of cordial greetings and feasting. Alms-giving marks the occasion too.

The time of Ramzan is calculated according to the lunar calender.

The new moon appears on the Id. The happy view of the new moon terminates the Ramzan.





STORY OF INDIA — 67 THE LEGENDARY QUEEN OF CHITOR (1)

In the thirteenth century Chitor was the capital of Mewar a prosperous kingdom in Rajputana. It was a fortification built on a hill. It was as scenic as well-situated. The rulers of Mewar were called the Ranas.

Towards the close of the thirteenth century the prince to ascend the throne was Rana Ratan Singh. His wife, Rani Padmini, was believed to be the most beautiful princess in the whole country. She was the talk of all the princely houses.



Alauddin Khalji, the Sultan of Delhi, who had conquered parts of Gujarat and had grown quite proud of his achievement, heard the fame of Rani Padmini from dancing girls and many others. He was then already planning to march into the fabulous Rajputana.



He was ambitious. He wanted to be the greatest king—and desired to have the most beautiful lady as his queen. He led his army towards Chitor. He was sure that the Ranas, quite unprepared for an attack, would fall before him in no time.

But that was not to be. The brave Rajput soldiers offered a stiff resistance to the invaders. Alaudin Khalji was surprised. Nowhere else he had met with such courage. He was compelled to retreat.



Alauddin's army threw a ring round the hill on which stood the fort. The Sultan thought that, cut off from the country, the fort cannot get food supply. The Rana will surrender. But months passed. The Rana did not care. Alauddin grew pensive.

At last the Sultan sent a message to the Rana to let him have just a glimpse of Rani Padmini. He will then go back. The Rana understood that the Sultan wanted to save his face. He consulted the ministers and Rani Padmini.



It was decided that the Sultan could see the Rani's reflection on a mirror. Accordingly he was warmly received as a guest and led into a room. He stood looking into a mirror that hung on the wall facing a high window.

Behind the window was a lake. Amidst the lake was a palace. Rani Padmini came out to the balcony of the palace. The mirror reflected her image. Alauddin was wonder-struck at her grace and charm. After a moment, the image disappeared.





According to the traditional Rajput courtesy, Rana Ratan, alone, escorted his guest, Alauddin, to the gateway. Alauddin was profusely praising the Rana's kindness. Taking the Rana's hand into his, he began descending the steps outside the gateway. The courteous Rana could not break away.

Talking non-stop, the sly Sultan led the Rana to the base of the hill. Suddenly the Sultan's soldiers, hiding under thick bushes, sprang up and took hold of the Rana. He was instantly whisked away to the Sultan's camp.



By the time the sentries at the gateway of the fort realised the situation, it was too late. Rajput soldiers immediately rushed to the Rana's rescue, but they were told that if they advance, the Rana would be put to death. They had no other go but to stop.

(To conclude in the next issue)



BACK FROM THE UNKNOWN

Rajkumar's father died—leaving fifty thousand rupees in cash for him.

Rajkumar was not in the habit of keeping anything secret. He told his friends about it. Soon the others in the village learnt about it too.

Gangaram, the well-known physician, called Rajkumar to his house and said, "My son, it is not advisable for you to keep so much cash with you. Invest it in a way so that it brings you some profit. To begin with, you can give me an amount of twenty thousand rupees. I am building a new house. I'll pay you interest every month. After six months you'll get back your

money."

Rajkumar found the proposal quite reasonable. He gave the physician the amount he needed. The physician, of course, gave him a receipt.

A week after this, Suresh Das, one of the most respectable villagers, met him and said, "Rajkumar, my daughter's marriage is to be celebrated this month. The prices of things have recently shot up so high that I find my budget short by ten thousand rupees. Should you be good enough to loan me that amount, I shall be paying you your interest regularly and shall refund the amount in six months."



"Why not," said Rajkumar. Suresh Das received the money and gave a receipt.

Next day Mangal Pradhan, the richest farmer in the village, told Rajkumar, "I propose to buy the zamindar's orchard. As you know, it covers a large area. It is going to cost me eightyfive thousand rupees. If you help me with fifteen thousand rupees, I can arrange the rest. Why should I go to a moneylender since you are there?"

"Surely I can part with fifteen thousand rupees, though no more," said Rajkumar. The transaction was over briskly.

For the first six months Ra-

jkumar received the interests against the loans he had given away quite regularly. But thereafter all the three borrowers became irregular. The physician and Suresh Das who had promised to pay back the loan in six months did not do so. Rajkumar was too shy to ask them for it.

At the end of a year Rajkumar saw that his condition was growing critical. None of the borrowers showed any sign of paying back the loans. When Rajkumar went to ask for it, they showed him due courtesy, but pleaded for a little more time. They had always some pretext ready.



"I could have invested my money in some other business. Now, I get neither my capital nor the interest. What am I to do?" Rajkumar told several villagers. They sympathised with him, but could not help him in any way. Nobody was willing to displease the physician. The other two borrowers too were quite influential persons.

"Well, well, we have to put up with the conduct of the respectable ones. What can be done? The moment you go to the court, they will become your enemies. You cannot live peacefully with such influential people for enemies!" commented a

well-wisher.

One morning suddenly the villagers saw Rajkumar's mother and wife wailing on their veranda. They did not stop until a crowd gathered there. Rajkumar's wife then handed over a scrap of paper to a prominent villager.

He read it aloud. The message said that disgusted with life as he could not realise his loans from Gangaram, Suresh Das and Mangal Pradhan, Rajkumar was taking a plunge into the unknown! He should not be expected to be seen again.

"This most probably means my husband will die. If that is





the case, I propose to kill myself," wailed out Rajkumar's wife.

"How can I live without my son? I too should do the same," said the mother between her sobs.

The people were greatly agitated. Everybody spoke about the callousness of the three bor-

rowers.

By evening all the three had paid back their loans with interests and apologies.

Rajkumar returned three days later. "I wanted to become an ascetic. But since I see that the three gentlemen have behaved nobly, I think God wishes me to continue with my family," he declared.

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

उर्साहो बलवानार्यं नास्तुपापामपि वस्तुः ।
तीक्ष्णाद्युपातिः नोदेवत्प्रव विभिन्नादिः पूर्ववद् ॥

*Ursaho balavānārya nāstyutsahitparam balaṁ
Sotsahasyasti loke'mmanna kitcidapi duriabham*

Zeal is the real strength and nothing is more powerful than that. Hardly anything remains unachievable if pursued with zeal.

The Ramayana

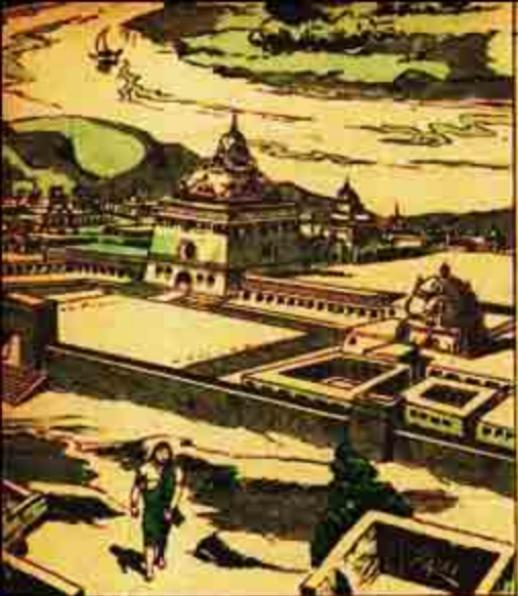


The Prince who became a Yogi

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Moaning of jackals and eerie laughter of spirits were interspersed with thunderclaps. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse observed: "O King, it seems you are more interested in things supernatural than in kingly preoccupations. I know of a prince who had turned a complete yogi. But how much success could he muster in life? Let me narrate his story to you. Pay attention to it. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: Once upon a time King Dhiravermi



was ruling over the land of Champawati. He had three sons. They were Virverma, Shurverma, and Gunaverma.

When King Dhiraverma died, preparations were afoot for the coronation of the eldest prince, Virverma. But Shurverma was trying to imprison him and ascend the throne himself. This became known. The two brothers fought openly. The result was, both were killed.

The youngest prince knew that now he was to become the king. But before anybody had the time to look for him, he left the castle at midnight.

He entered a forest. There he

met a yogi and followed him to the Himalaya. After years of askesis in the high hills, he decided to pay a visit to the holy places.

He roamed about for a full year. He then chose a small forest on the river and sat down for meditation. He remained absorbed in his trance while years rolled by. Around him grew up ant-hills.

The people of the locality were expanding their habitation. For that they were clearing a part of the forest. While doing so they dismantled the ant-hills. To their great amazement they found the yogi.

The yogi woke up from his trance. The people prostrated themselves to him. As the yogi stood up, ready to depart to the Himalaya, the people prayed to him to continue there.

The compassionate yogi agreed to their prayer. They raised a hermitage for him. The yogi lived there, quite content.

Dilkishore was the landlord of the area whereas Jagatsingh was the most wealthy man. Along with the others, they too became the yogi's disciples. With their contribution the hermitage expanded. New houses were built. A number of dis-

ples became residents there. Besides many came from far and near to receive the yogi's blessings.

Before long Dilkishore and Jagatsingh fell apart. Each desired to have control over the institution.

"O Master, Jagatsingh is a cheat. You ought not to show any indulgence towards him," one day Dilkishore told the yogi in confidence.

The same day Jagatsingh whispered to him, "Master, if Dilkishore is feigning allegiance to you, it is only to exercise his influence over your disciples and devotees. He is nothing but an opportunist.

The inmates of the hermitage were divided into two groups. One group complained against Jagatsingh; the other group against Dilkishore. The yogi listened to them with patience. Each group got the impression that he will give his judgement against the other group. But to their great shock, they saw that the yogi had left the hermitage at night, for some unknown destination.

The vampire paused and then asked King Vikram in a challenging tone: "O King, the fact that the yogi could not resolve



the quarrel between the two groups shows that he had very little yogic power. He could not face a difficult situation. Am I right? Answer me, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your shoulders!"

Replied King Vikram forthwith: "Resolving quarrels was not a yogi's business, but a King's. Gunaverma had not shown any interest in such kingly duties. That is why he became a hermit. Why should he care to do now what he refused to do then? The yogi can help a seeker who wants to progress



itually. A yogi's power is not to be measured from whether or not he could pacify some ignorant people fighting because of their ego.

"Once the quarrel between his two brothers had disgusted Gunaverma and he had deserted his castle. Now the quar-

rel between the two groups of his disciples disgusted him and that is why he left his hermitage. His conduct was persistent with his nature."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his reply than the vampire, along with corpse, gave him the slip.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





THE LOST SON

Shobha was surprised the moment she stepped into her father-in-law's house. It was a large mansion. A number of servants did the household chores.

Shobha had never dreamt that she will one day marry into such a family. She shed tears remembering her mother. She had died when Shobha was very small. Her step-mother was never kind to her and made her work like a slave.

How suddenly the situation changed!

It all began only three months ago. Shobha was returning from the river. She saw a young man, a stranger to her, observing her keenly. He then walked up to her and said, "Please do not take my query amiss. Where is your house?"

Shobha felt embarrassed. After her father died, she had come away with her step-mother to live at the latter's parents' house.

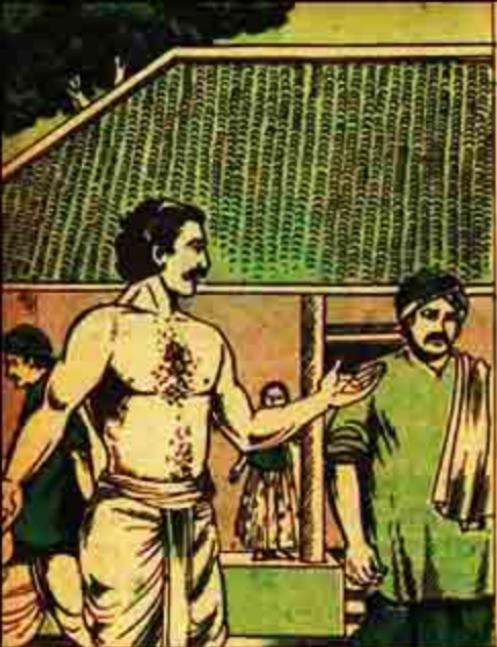
She pointed out that house and went her way.

Next day a respectable villager met Shobha's step-mother and proposed Shobha's marriage with the son of the landlord of Shobhapur. Shobha's step-mother had her heartburning, but she could not refuse the proposal as all the leading villagers supported it.

"It is not only Shobha's luck, but also yours," they all said in one voice.

The marriage was duly performed. The young man who had met Shobha on the riverbank was the bridegroom, Sudarshan.





Why did Sudarshan so suddenly decide to marry Shobha? He had paid a visit, along with his father, to a wealthy man's house in the village. A proposal for his marriage with the wealthy man's daughter was under way. However, the wealthy man's conduct disgusted them. They called off the proposal and were returning home. The father had gone ahead of the son, riding a palanquin. Sudarshan was walking alone, remorseful, when his eyes fell on Shobha. He felt fascinated.



Sudarshan had lost his mother. His father, the landlord, was now most affectionately looked after by Shobha. He was happy. However, Shobha could feel that the old man was not as happy as he ought to be. It was because he did not know anything about Shobha's background. He did not like to displease his son. That is why he had agreed to the marriage. But he could not get over his doubts regarding Shobha.

One day Shobha asked Sudarshan, "Your village is called Shobhapur, isn't it so?"

"Right. It bears your name," said Sudarshan jokingly.

"Is there any other village with the same name?" asked Shobha.

"Not to my knowledge," answered Sudarshan.

Shobha's face brightened up. "In that case my son lives in this village," she said.

"Your son?" asked a surprised Sudarshan.

Shobha narrated this incident:

It was twelve years ago. Shobha then lived in her father's village. Once her father and her step-mother went out on a pil-

grimage. Shobha remained at home, all alone. The step-mother deposited with her some rice to last her a month. She was to gather vegetables from their kitchen-garden. Besides, her step-mother gave her a rupee for buying should she need anything.

The next day Shobha saw through her window a stranger. He was telling the villagers how his money was stolen. He wanted someone to give him a rupee. That is all he needed to pay to the boatman and to buy his food.

Nobody knew him; nobody came forward to help him.

Shobha saw the gentleman wiping his tears hiding from others.

Shobha went out and offered the gentleman the one rupee she had. The gentleman felt overwhelmed with her gesture. He took her into his embrace and said, "You are my mother!" He scribbled his name and address on a scrap of paper and gave it to her. She did not know how to read. But she remembered the gentleman saying that he hailed from Shobhapur.

Next day a man from Shobhapur met Shobha and gave her ten rupees and a frock, saying that they had been sent to her by her son.



Her parents were back in a month. Shobha had not spent more than a rupee. Her step-mother took away the remaining nine rupees.

Soon thereafter her father died. She moved away with her step-mother to another village. She found no chance to go to a school.

"I still have with me that scrap of paper bearing my son's name and address," she told Sudarshan.

"Will you let me see it?"

Shobha brought out the paper from her box and gave it to Sudarshan.

Sudarshan's face glowed with joy. "Father!" he called aloud.

The landlord came out of his room. "Father, had you borrowed a rupee from a little girl twelve years ago?" asked Sudarshan.

"Yes, yes. Once again I went to her village to see her, but she had gone over to some other village. I am yet to know another kind-hearted human being like her! I do not know where she is now!" said the landlord.

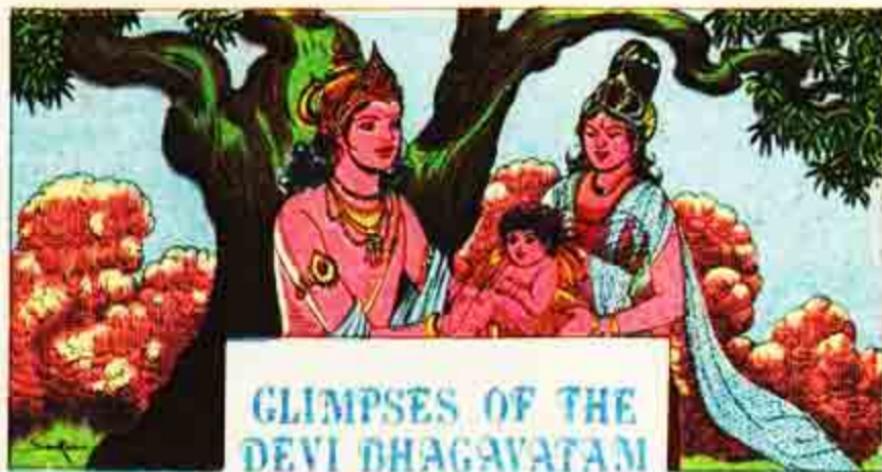
"Where can she go leaving her son, father? She has come back to you," exclaimed Sudarshan.

The landlord's surprise slowly gave way to a deep joy. Then tears drizzled in his eyes.

"My mother, your kindness for me has stood the test of time. Otherwise how could your forlorn son get you back after twelve years? God is so good to me!" said the landlord.

Sudarshan too was moved to tears at that serene scene of the 'mother' and the 'son' coming together.





GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

The emanations of Vishnu and Lakshmi departed to heaven, leaving behind them a charming child in a forest on the bank of the river Tamasa.

The murmuring brook lulled the infant to sleep. Trees showered flowers on it. Birds chirped and whistled on joyously circling over the child.

A Gundharva couple, Champak and Madalasa, happened to pass flying over the forest. Their eyes fell on the child. They descended and picked it up. Motherly love welled out of Madalasa's breast. She kissed the child again and again and asked, "Who is this child? Who

could have abandoned it here?"

Champak gazed at the child with great interest. He had no difficulty in realising that a child like that could not have been born of human parents.

"Who are this child's parents?" asked Madalasa.

"It is not possible for me to tell. Indra might be knowing," replied Champak.

The couple carried the child to Indra's abode.

"We found this wonderful baby on the bank of the Tamasa, in a dense forest. We know nothing about it. We'd love to nurse it if you allow us to do so," Champak told Indra.





Indra looked at the child and smiled.

"This is born of the emanations of Vishnu and Lakshmi. Turvasu, the son of King Yayati, is destined to adopt the child. Go and leave the child where you found it," advised Indra.

"Can't the course of destiny be altered? What if we bring up the babe?" asked Madalasa.

"I assure you that we will never prove negligent in taking due care of the child," said Champak, strengthening his wife's plea.

"How do you think of violation what has already been

ordained? It was necessary for the child to be shifted from the river-bank for a while because some wild elephants were coming its way. Now the horde has gone away from that area. "I tell you once again: go and leave the child where it was," said Indra.

Champak and Madalasa did as directed by Indra.

★ ★ ★

King Turvasu, through his meditation, pleased Vishnu. Appearing before him, Vishnu asked, "What is the boon you ask for?"

"The boon of a son, O God!" Turvasu replied in profound humility.

"You will get the child that is born of my emanation. Proceed at once to the bank of Tamasa where it meets the river Kalindi. It should not be difficult for you to trace the child," said Vishnu.

Turvasu was delighted. As soon as Vishnu disappeared he reached the river-bank and saw the child. He could not take his eyes away.

"My child, it is Vishnu's Grace that has given you to me," said Turvasu as he took the child up. He hurried to his palace.

The city, the capital of King Turvasu, grew festive. The

queen's joy knew no bound.

The child bore two names, Haihaya and Ekvir. He grew up to be a brilliant prince, mastering on one hand the laws of ethics and the principles of ruling a kingdom, and on the other hand the science of warfare.

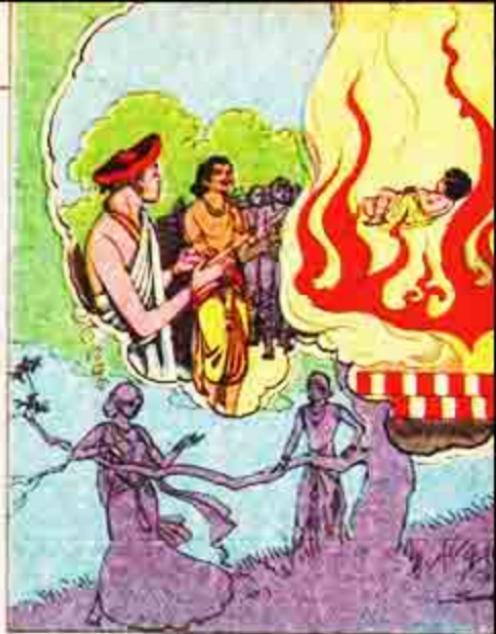
King Turvasu and his queen made the prince ascend the throne and left for the forest, to pass their remaining days in meditation.

The young king, Ekvir, ruled his kingdom justly and wisely. The subjects prospered. There were demons in the forests, but they were quite scared of the young king. They did not dare to disturb his subjects. Bandits and thieves totally disappeared. The people roamed about fearless.

One day, while strolling along the bank of the Ganga, Ekvir saw a beautiful lady standing alone, looking remorseful.

"Who are you — a human being or a nymph? What ails you? Should you be pleased to tell me what your problem is, I'll do my best to solve it," said Ekvir.

"I am Yasowati, an inmate in the palace of the good king Ravyu and his queen Rukmirekha. The royal couple once



performed a Yajna and received from the sacred flames a daughter — like a charming doll of gold. She brought great joy to all. The priest named her Ekavali. He asked the king to give her lessons in everything in which a prince is trained.

"Princess Ekavali grew up into a beautiful young lady. She was extremely courageous. My father is King Ravyu's minister. I am one of the intimate friends of Princess Ekavali.

"The princess loves the hundred-petalled lotuses very much. Often she would come in quest of them to the lakes in the forest.

"The king created four lakes inside the compound of the palace and cultivated lotuses in them. He forbade the princess to go into the forest.

"But the princess did not give up the habit of wandering in the forest. At the earliest opportunity she would sneak into the wilderness along with myself and a few others.

"Upon learning of this practice of the princess, the king set apart a battalion of soldiers to safeguard her. Whenever the princess went out, the soldiers followed her at some distance.

"One day we came to a wondrous spot on the river-bank. We met there a group of

nymphs. They were bathing in the river. They invited the princess to join them. The princess accordingly entered the water while we stood on the bank. Behind us stood the soldiers.

"Suddenly there appeared the demon infamous as Kalaketu. I signalled to the princess to be on her guard. She came out of the water and hid behind us. The nymphs flew away instantly.

"But the demon had spotted the princess. He dragged her away from our company. At our shriek the bodyguards rushed upon the demon, but in vain. The demon killed them all in no time.



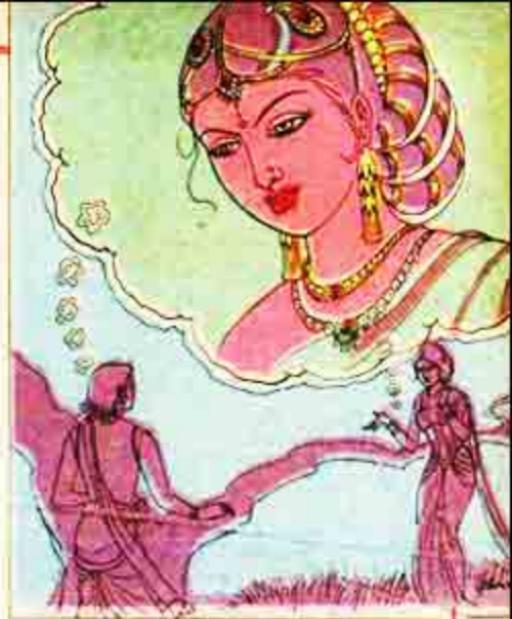
"I entreated the demon to take me away instead of the princess. But my cries fell on deaf ears. He continued dragging her away. When I tried to resist, he raised his sword and threatened to kill me. Thereafter I kept walking along with the princess. That gave her some strength.

The demon showed his magnificent castle standing on a hill. "The castle will be yours once you become my queen," the demon told the princess. She scoffed at his suggestion.

"We became prisoners of the demon. Time and again the demon advised me to persuade the princess to marry him. He tempted me with promises of big rewards. Needless to say, I tried to persuade him to give up his vain ambition.

"At last the princess herself told the demon point blank that it was out of the question for her to marry him. Her father had once said that he would like her to marry prince Haihaya. From that very moment she had begun to look upon Prince Haihaya as her husband, although the prince had no knowledge of it. She will never marry anybody else."

"The demon grew awfully



angry at the statement of the princess. He went away in a huff."

King Ekvir was surprised. "Listen, my sister, I am Haihaya or Ekvir. I do not know if there is anybody else bearing my name."

Yasowati smiled. "No, my lord, there is nobody else. I knew well to whom I was speaking. The princess and myself, feeling absolutely helpless, began praying to the Divine Mother. In a vision last night the Mother asked me to come over here so that I could meet you. She also gave me a hymn that enabled me to sneak out . . .



the demon's castle without attracting the attention of the fearful guards."

"I am anxious to go to the rescue of the princess. Will you please teach me that hymn?" said Ekvir.

"Certainly, my lord." Yasowati then taught the hymn called *Triloktilak* to the king.

The king went back to his palace and summoned his army. He then marched upon the castle of the demon, Kalaketu.

The demon was sure that the

invading army will never be able to infiltrate his castle. But the king entered it by the virtue of the hymn. A fierce battle ensued. The heroic Ekvir succeeded in killing the demon.

The king rescued the princess and led her to her father. The happy king shortly arranged for their marriage.

King Ekvir and Queen Eka-vali had a son named Kritavirya. His son was Kartavirya. This is the beginning of the famous Haihaya dynasty.

WONDER WITH COLOURS





A Folktale from France

What Colour is Chameleon?

There was an island the king of which loved animals. He had built a zoo with many beasts and birds.

But he did not have a particular creature about which he had heard much. That was the chameleon. No chameleon was available on that island.

The king announced that one who can bring him a chameleon shall receive a lump of gold.

It was rarely that the people of that island went out for countries beyond the sea. However, a lump of gold was a great prize. So, three friends sailed in a boat and reached a country after a month's voyage.

But chameleons were not available in that country. They

walked on to reach the next country. There, they could see only a picture of the chameleon. They were informed that the creature was found in plenty in a neighbouring country.

They reached their destination at last. The three friends went in different directions, looking for a chameleon, to come together in the evening at an inn.

The one who entered a forest met a hunter. "Can you get me a chameleon?" he asked.

"No problem. Wait here till I get one," said the hunter. In an hour he returned with a chameleon.

The traveller put the creature in a box which he bought from



the market nearby, and returned to the inn. The other two friends had not been able to get any. But one chameleon was enough. They walked back to the seashore and sailed for their island.

It took them another month to reach the island. From time to time they threw bits of food into the box that contained the chameleon, through a chink.

"How happy the king would be to see the blue creature!" said one of the three friends upon their landing on the island.

"What do you mean by blue? I had opened the box one day and observed it. Green it was—there is no doubt about it," said

the second friend.

"Both of you are wrong. It is brown. There is no mistaking about it," asserted the third friend.

They stuck on to their own points of view and argued forcefully while passing through a forest. They opened the box and let the chameleon come out fully so that they could see it in the broad daylight.

Well, the chameleon looked white!

The friends were so surprised that they took their hands off it. Instantly the creature slipped into the forest never to be found again.

Retold by Devapriyo



THE TEST OF DEATH

There was an old miser who died. Neighbours gathered and uttered words of lamentation. But his wife sat calm, without shedding a drop of tear.

A group of volunteers, singing a song asking people to give charity, passed by. Suddenly the miser's wife began to cry.

"Why do you cry now, if you could keep your sorrow under control so long?" asked some friends.

"Didn't you hear the volunteers seeking charity? My husband does not respond!" said the woman between her sobs.

There was an embarrassed silence. Then one neighbour hesitatingly asked, "But was your husband responding to calls for charity?"

"Of course he was! He used to run away at such calls! Now that he does not, I know for certain that he is dead!" said the woman and she cried even louder.





FREE GUIDANCE

Bhupati Roy bought a few acres of land, quite cheap, close to the village Mangalpur. That was a bit far from his own village. He was a busy man. He asked his son, Shankar, to take care of the newly-acquired estate.

Shankar had no experience in matters of land. However, as directed by his father, he went out to survey the land.

It started raining when Shankar reached Mangalpur. He stepped onto the veranda of a house. The owner of the house asked him who he was. When Shankar introduced himself the man exclaimed, "You are my friend Bhupati's son, are you? Good; know that in me you have a true well-wisher—the

only one in the village. Don't do anything without consulting me. I am Mahim Chowdhury."

Shankar was happy to find a guardian.

The young man went to his land after the rain subsided. The land was full of bushes and shrubs. A villager walked up to Shankar and said, "Please allow me to clear your field of these useless plants. You will save the amount that you would have spent in the clearing operation. My benefit is, I'll dry the plants and use them as fuel for baking bricks."

"Yes, Babu, this is a good proposal," said another villager.

Shankar also found this quite sensible. But Chowdhury's

flashed before his eyes. How can he take a decision without consulting him?

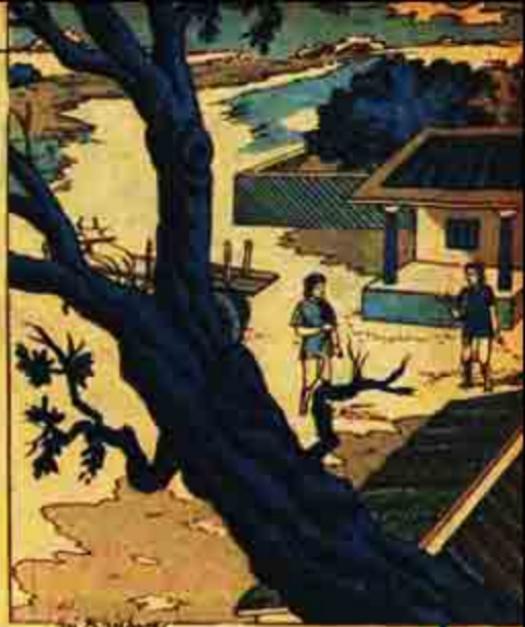
"I'll tell you tomorrow," said Shankar. He then met Chowdhury and asked for his advice on the proposal.

"What! Does the fellow take us to be fools that he dreams of carrying away our plants free? No, my son, employ a few labourers. Let them cut the plants and make a heap of them. We will sell them to whoever offers the maximum price," said Chowdhury.

Shankar employed four labourers and got the land clear of shrubs in one day. But nobody was willing to pay for the heap a paisa more than he had spent for the labourers. "There is no dearth of shrubs here. We can employ labourers and gather as much as we wish. Who will be a fool to give you a profit on it?" said those villagers who had some need of fuel.

It began raining. The shrubs began to rot. Shankar planned to remove them into the nearby forest. The carter demanded ten rupees for the work.

"Are we so naive as to waste ten rupees on this? Gobra the vagabond will be happy to do the job for five rupees!" said



Chowdhury.

He was good enough to summon Gobra. The fellow promised to do the needful. Shankar paid him five rupees and left for his village.

He returned to Mangalpur after ten days. He was informed that the chairman of the village committee would like to see him. Shankar reported at the chairman's office. "Young man, please do not misunderstand me. Your man threw those rotten plants into the canal. Not only the flow of water was obstructed, but also it got polluted. We had to employ five men to clear the canal, spending



fifty rupees from the village fund. I leave the matter to your conscience," said the chairman quite politely.

Shankar handed over the amount without a word and left for his land. Soon Chowdhury met him and said, "Gobra is a drunkard and it was quite irresponsible of him to dump those rotten plants in the canal. But that is no excuse for the chairman realising fifty rupees from you! What for have we raised a village fund if its money is not to be spent at all? The chairman is my foe. He must have heard of our friendship. He made you pay only to insult me. Let's

demand the money back. Or we will go to the court."

"Thanks. But let's forget about it."

"How dare you refuse to heed me? Am I not your father's friend? Don't blunder. I tell you," shouted Chowdhury.

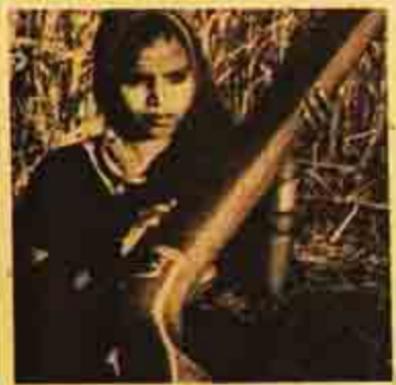
"Sir, I have already blundered. Had my father thought it fit to seek your guidance, he would have told me about it himself. Henceforth please allow me to go my way," said Shankar humbly.

"Look at the way of the world! I'll give free guidance; yet they won't take it!" lamented Chowdhury.

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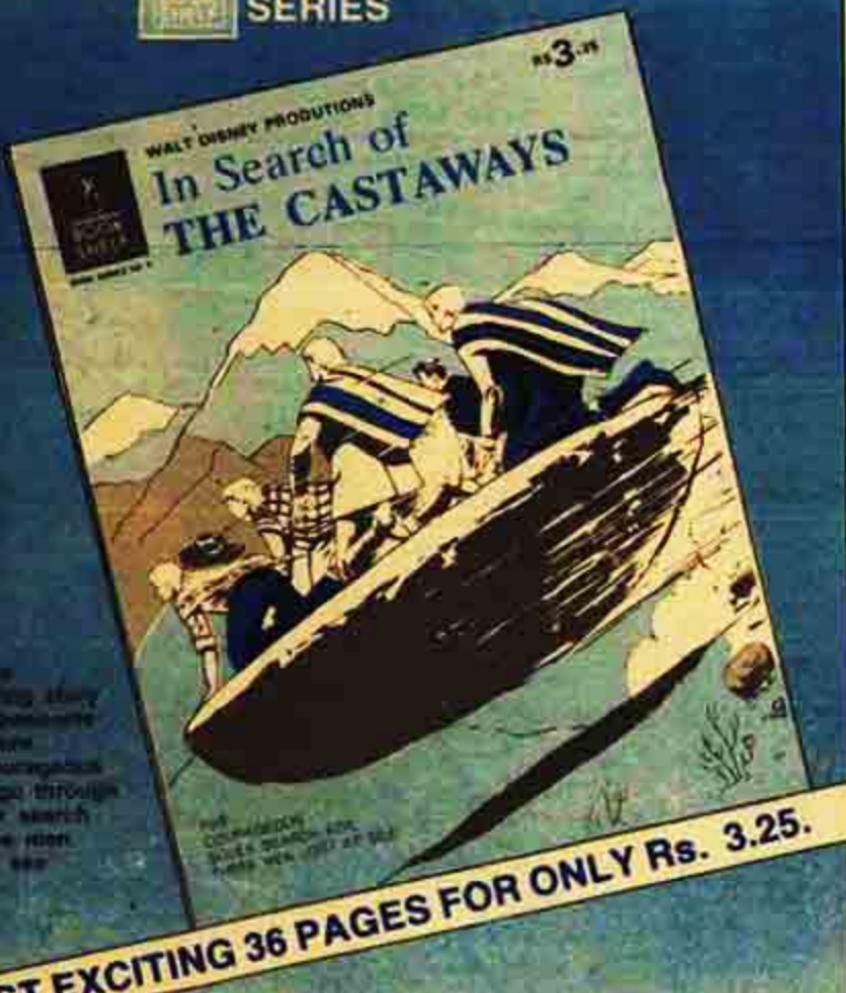
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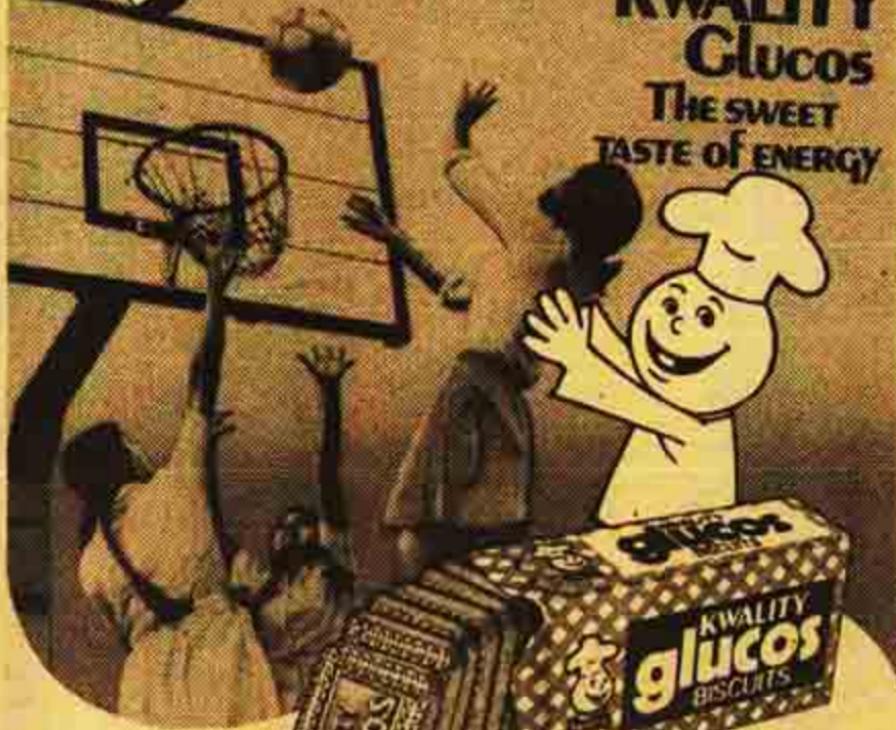
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